MAY
60¢ U.K. 25 P
#182

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

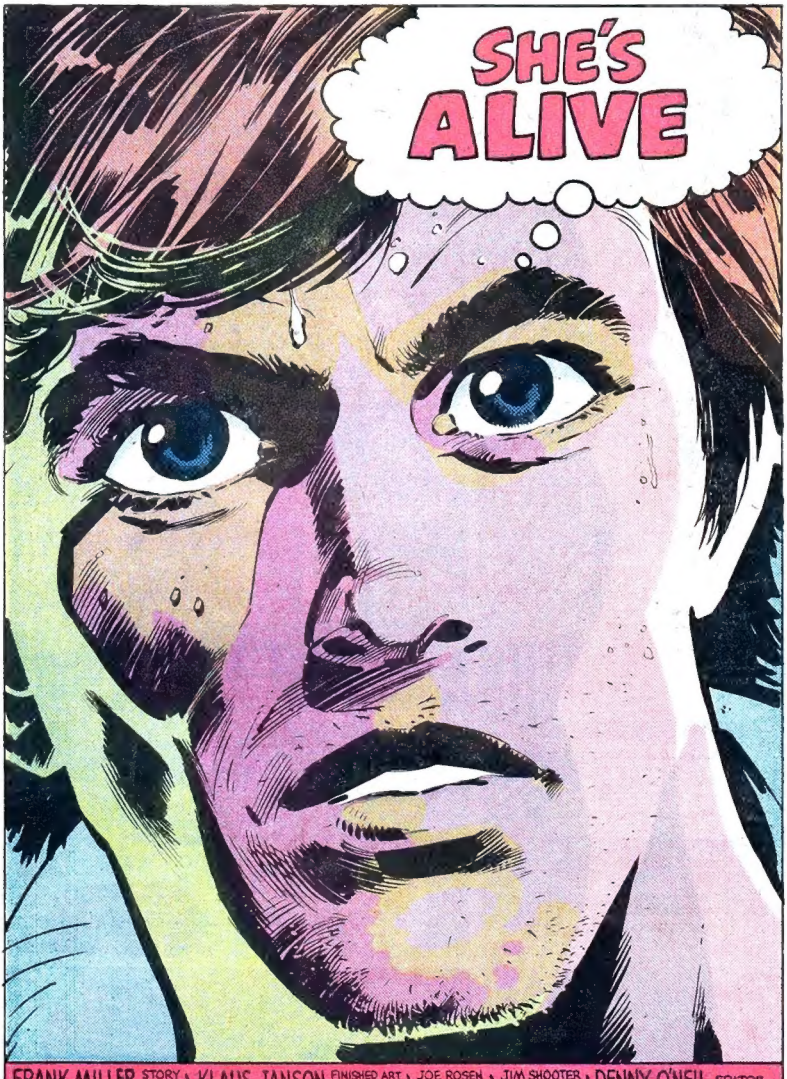
©1982 MARVEL COMICS GROUP

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

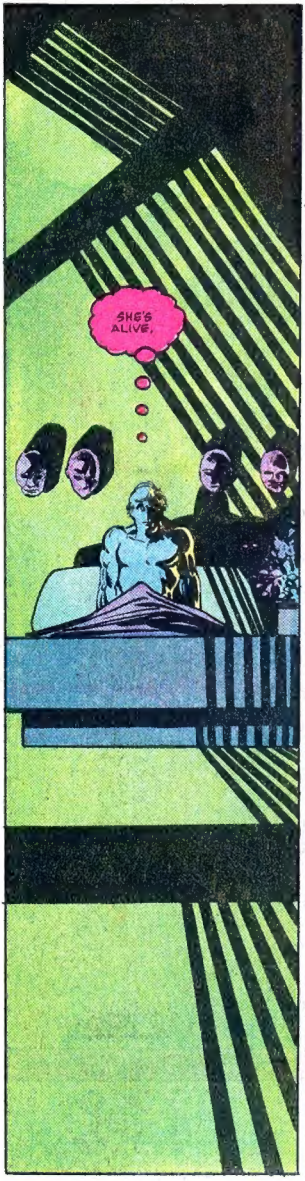
ELEKTRA

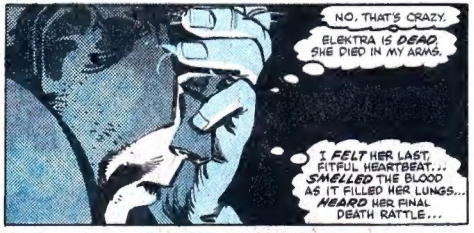
"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come..."



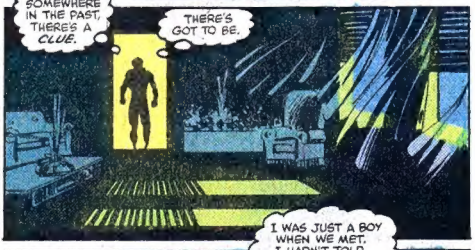
FRANK MILLER STORY & ART \ KLAUS JANSON FINISHED ART & COLORS \ JOE ROSEN LETTERS \ JIM SHOOTER SUPERVISOR \ DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR

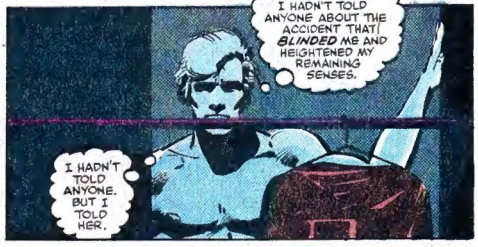
DAREDEVIL® Vol. 1, No. 182, May, 1982. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright© 1982 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60c per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues: Canada, $8.20. Foreign, $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022


SHE'S ALIVE.


NO. THAT'S CRAZY.
ELEKTRA IS DEAD. SHE DIED IN MY ARMS.
I FELT HER LAST, FITFUL HEARTBEAT... SMELLED THE BLOOD AS IT FILLED HER LUNGS... HEARD HER FINAL DEATH RATTLE...

SHE'S DEAD.
SHE'S ALIVE.
I CAN FEEL IT. I KNOW IT.
GOT TO THINK. REMEMBER.


SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST, THERE'S A CLUE.
THERE'S GOT TO BE.


I WAS JUST A BOY WHEN WE MET. I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE ACCIDENT THAT BLINDED ME AND HEIGHTENED MY REMAINING SENSES.
I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE. BUT I TOLD HER.

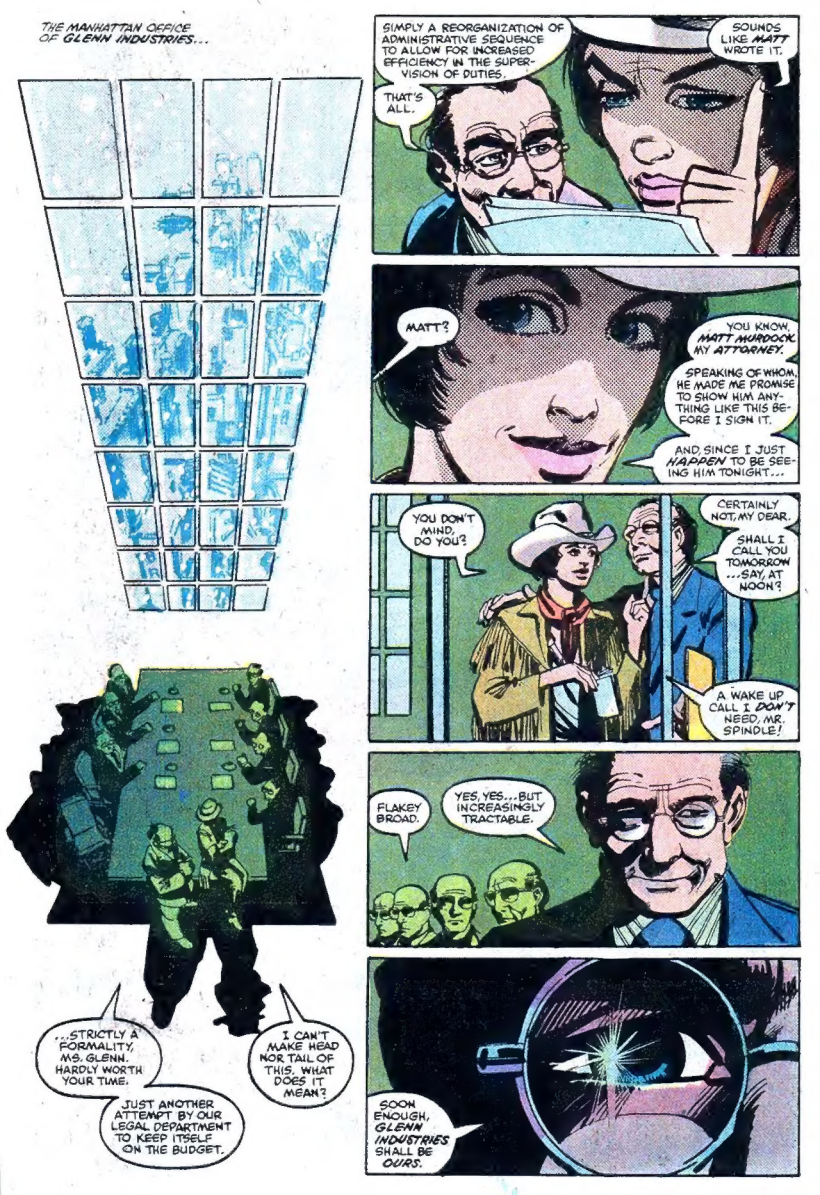
WE WERE CHILDREN. LOVING WITHOUT PAIN...
...WITHOUT DUTY...

HOW DID IT HAPPEN, ELEKTRA? WHAT BROUGHT US TO THIS?
WHAT MADE YOU HURT ME SO?
DID I FAIL YOU IN SOME WAY--
--OR WERE YOU POSSESSED BY SOME AWFUL INNER DEMON THAT MADE YOU KILL, AND KILL...
YOU STUDIED WITH THE NINJA. YOU BECAME ONE OF THEM.
THEY TAUGHT YOU ALL THEIR DARK WAYS OF DEALING DEATH...
...DID THEY TEACH YOU WAYS OF FORESTALLING DEATH, AS WELL?
OR FAKING IT?
DID THEY?
SO MANY QUESTIONS. AND THEY ALL NEED ANSWERS.
YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THEM TO ME.
I'M COMING FOR YOU, ELEKTRA.

RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY...
DRY OFF REAL GOOD NOW.
DON'T WANNA CATCH COLD.
RECOGNIZE US, TALL MAN?
SURE.
YOU'RE THREE OF INJUN JOE'S BOYS.
UH-HUH.
AND INJUN JOE'S FLAT OUT IN THE INFIRMARY 'CUZ OF YOU.
HAPPY HE AIN'T.
HE WAS STUPID.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?

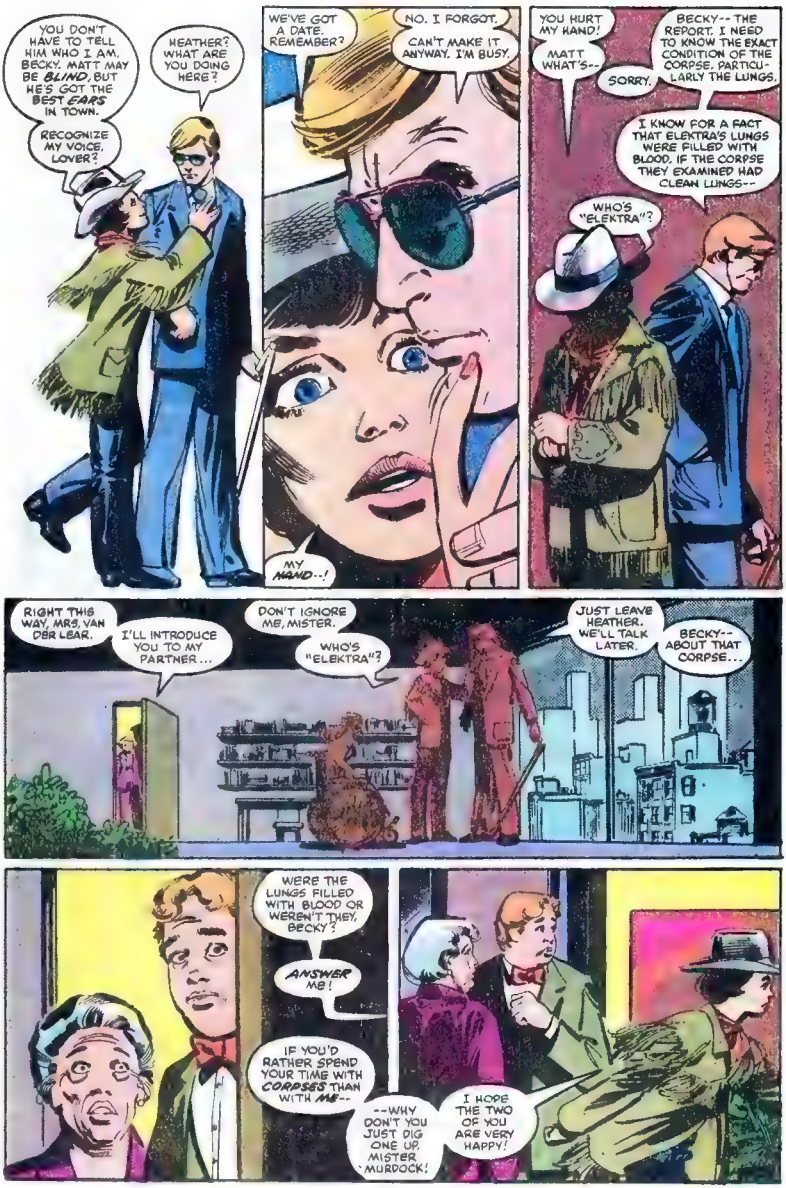
FAPP
KRAK
OWW!
I GOT HIM, JOCKO! I...
JOCKO--!
DON'T MATTER!
STILL GOT MY BLADE--

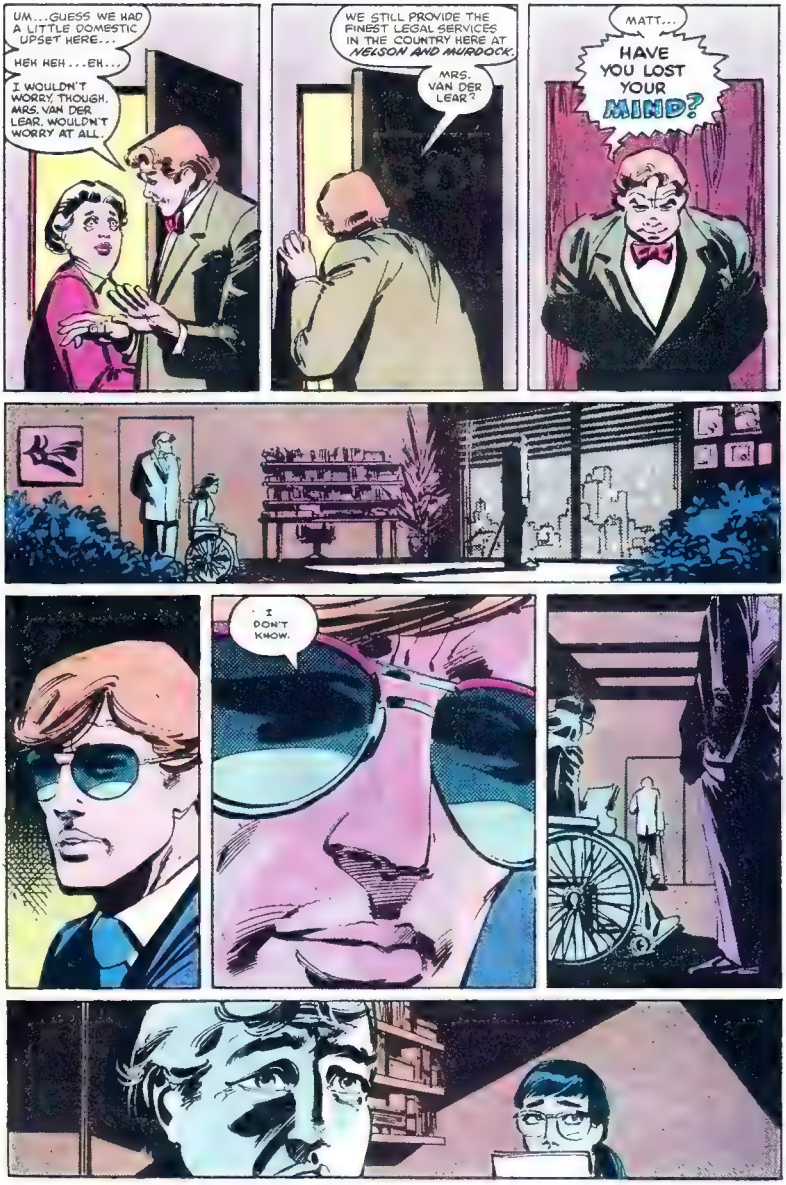
LATER...
THREE MEN DEAD-- IN THE FOURTH SUCH INCIDENT THIS WEEK.
YOU'VE KILLED A LOT OF CRIMINALS IN YOUR TIME, PUNISHER. THAT MAKES YOU EXTREMELY UNPOPULAR WITH THE OTHER CONVICTS.
AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE IN THE JOINT--YOU'RE A TARGET.
OF COURSE, NONE OF THIS IS STRICTLY IN MY AGENCY'S PURVIEW...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IN SIXTEEN HOURS, A MASSIVE SHIPMENT OF NARCOTICS WILL BE UNLOADED, SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND.
BECAUSE OF CERTAIN PRESSURES THAT HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO BEAR ON MY AGENCY, I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO DO NOTHING ABOUT THIS.
AND I WON'T--OFFICIALLY. IN THIS MATTER, I'M ON MY OWN.
JUST AS YOU MUST BE--
--WHEN I ARRANGE TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
KEEP TALKING.


THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF GLENN INDUSTRIES...
SIMPLY A REORGANIZATION OF ADMINISTRATIVE SEQUENCE TO ALLOW FOR INCREASED EFFICIENCY IN THE SUPERVISION OF DUTIES. THAT'S ALL.
SOUNDS LIKE MATT WROTE IT.
MATT?
YOU KNOW, MATT MURDOCK, MY ATTORNEY.
SPEAKING OF WHOM, HE MADE ME PROMISE TO SHOW HIM ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE I SIGN IT.
AND, SINCE I JUST HAPPEN TO BE SEEING HIM TONIGHT...
YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?
CERTAINLY NOT, MY DEAR.
SHALL I CALL YOU TOMORROW ...SAY, AT NOON?
A WAKE UP CALL I DON'T NEED, MR. SPINDLE!
FLAKEY BROAD.
YES, YES... BUT INCREASINGLY TRACTABLE.
...STRICTLY A FORMALITY, MS. GLENN. HARDLY WORTH YOUR TIME.
JUST ANOTHER ATTEMPT BY OUR LEGAL DEPARTMENT TO KEEP ITSELF ON THE BUDGET.
I CAN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF THIS. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
SOON ENOUGH, GLENN INDUSTRIES SHALL BE OURS.

A GRIMY UNDERWORLD SALOON, JUST OFF SOUTH STREET...
KRESSSH
BLAM BLAM
CHAK
CHOK
BLAM BLAMM
KLINK KLINK KLINK KLINK KLINK
OKAY! OKAY! SO I'LL TALK ALREADY!
WORD'S COME DOWN FROM THE TOP--THE KINGPIN HISSELF. HE'S HOLDIN' SOME KINDA SUMMIT OF THE BIG SIX--THE TOP MOBSTERS OF THE EAST COAST. TONIGHT. MIDNIGHT.
LEMME DOWN, HUH?

SUMMIT CONFERENCE? NOT WHAT I'D EXPECT--
--BUT IT MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ELEKTRA. MAYBE THE KINGPIN IS SELLING ELEKTRA'S SERVICES TO ANOTHER CITY.
IT'S EARLY YET. I'VE GOT TIME TO SWITCH BACK TO MATT MURDOCK AND FIND OUT IF THE CORONER'S REPORT HAS ARRIVED AT MY OFFICE...
...LACERATION OF THE THROAT... SHATTERED JAW... HEART PUNCTURED BY...
MATT, DO I HAVE TO GO ON? FOGGY'S ALMOST DUE WITH MRS. VAN DER LEAR.
WHO?
THE CUSTODY CASE. THE BIG MONEY CUSTODY CASE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
JUST KEEP READING, BECKY.
ALL WE NEED IS AN ELEMENT OF DOUBT... A HINT THAT ELEKTRA MAY BE ALIVE...
ALIVE?!
MATT, THEY CUT THIS ELEKTRA PERSON OPEN!
SHE COULDN'T BE ALIVE.
PERHAPS THEY HAD THE WRONG BODY.
FOGGY IDENTIFIED HER, THEY CHECKED HER DENTAL RECORDS.
RECORDS CAN BE CHANGED. FOGGY HADN'T SEEN HER IN YEARS.
AND, IF IT WAS THE WRONG BODY...
TAP TAP TAP
AREN'T WE GRISLY?
HEATHER!
MATT, IT'S HEATHER GLENN.


YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL HIM WHO I AM, BECKY. MATT MAY BE BLIND, BUT HE'S GOT THE BEST EARS IN TOWN.
RECOGNIZE MY VOICE, LOVER?
HEATHER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE'VE GOT A DATE. REMEMBER?
NO. I FORGOT. CAN'T MAKE IT ANYWAY. I'M BUSY.
MY HAND--!
YOU HURT MY HAND!
MATT WHAT'S--
SORRY.
BECKY-- THE REPORT. I NEED TO KNOW THE EXACT CONDITION OF THE CORPSE. PARTICULARLY THE LUNGS.
I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT ELEKTRA'S LUNGS WERE FILLED WITH BLOOD, IF THE CORPSE THEY EXAMINED HAD CLEAN LUNGS--
WHO'S "ELEKTRA"?
RIGHT THIS WAY, MRS. VAN DER LEAR.
I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY PARTNER...
DON'T IGNORE ME, MISTER.
WHO'S "ELEKTRA"?
JUST LEAVE HEATHER. WE'LL TALK LATER.
BECKY-- ABOUT THAT CORPSE...
WERE THE LUNGS FILLED WITH BLOOD OR WEREN'T THEY, BECKY?
ANSWER ME!
IF YOU'D RATHER SPEND YOUR TIME WITH CORPSES THAN WITH ME--
--WHY DON'T YOU JUST DIG ONE UP, MISTER MURDOCK!
I HOPE THE TWO OF YOU ARE VERY HAPPY!


UM...GUESS WE HAD A LITTLE DOMESTIC UPSET HERE...
HEH HEH...EH...
I WOULDN'T WORRY, THOUGH, MRS. VAN DER LEAR. WOULDN'T WORRY AT ALL.
WE STILL PROVIDE THE FINEST LEGAL SERVICES IN THE COUNTRY HERE AT NELSON AND MURDOCK.
MRS. VAN DER LEAR?
MATT...
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?
I DON'T KNOW.

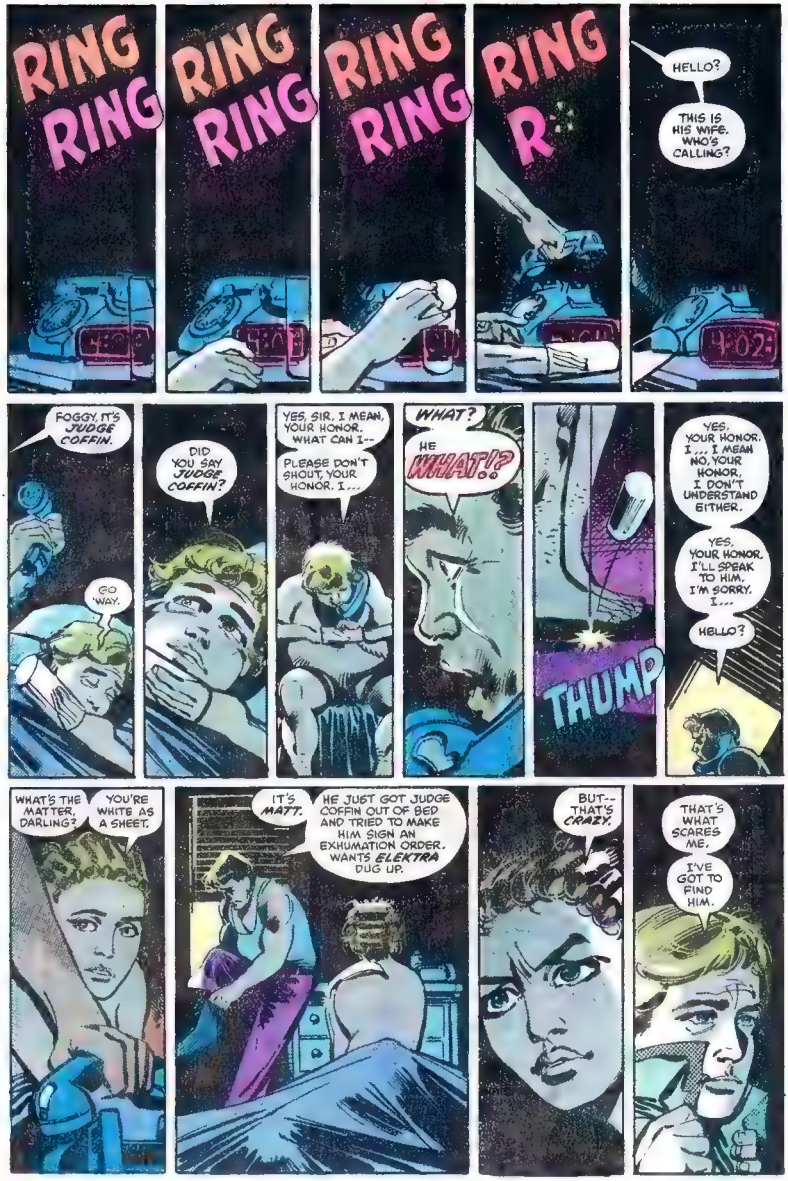
RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY...
YER BUTT, GROTTO. MOVE IT.
THEY'LL BE CHECKIN' OUR CELL ANY MINNIT.
I DUNNO ABOUT THIS, TURK.
LOOKS DANGEROUS.
SHADDUP.
SPENT SIX WEEKS IN SHOP, MAKIN' THESE HERE SUCTION CUPS.
I AIN'T LETTIN' THEM GO TA WASTE.
WHOOOM
OOF!
WHAT WAS THAT?
DUNNO. BUT IT'S GOTTA BE TROUBLE.
SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION.
HARD TA SEE, INNA DARK.
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT DARK, GROTTO.
AW, JEEZ. THERE GOES THE ALARM.
WE BETTER GET BACK TO OUR CELL, BEFORE--
AROOGA
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
WHAT'S WHAT? HARD TA SEE, INNA D...
A LADDER!
GROTTO, IT'S A LADDER--
AROOGA

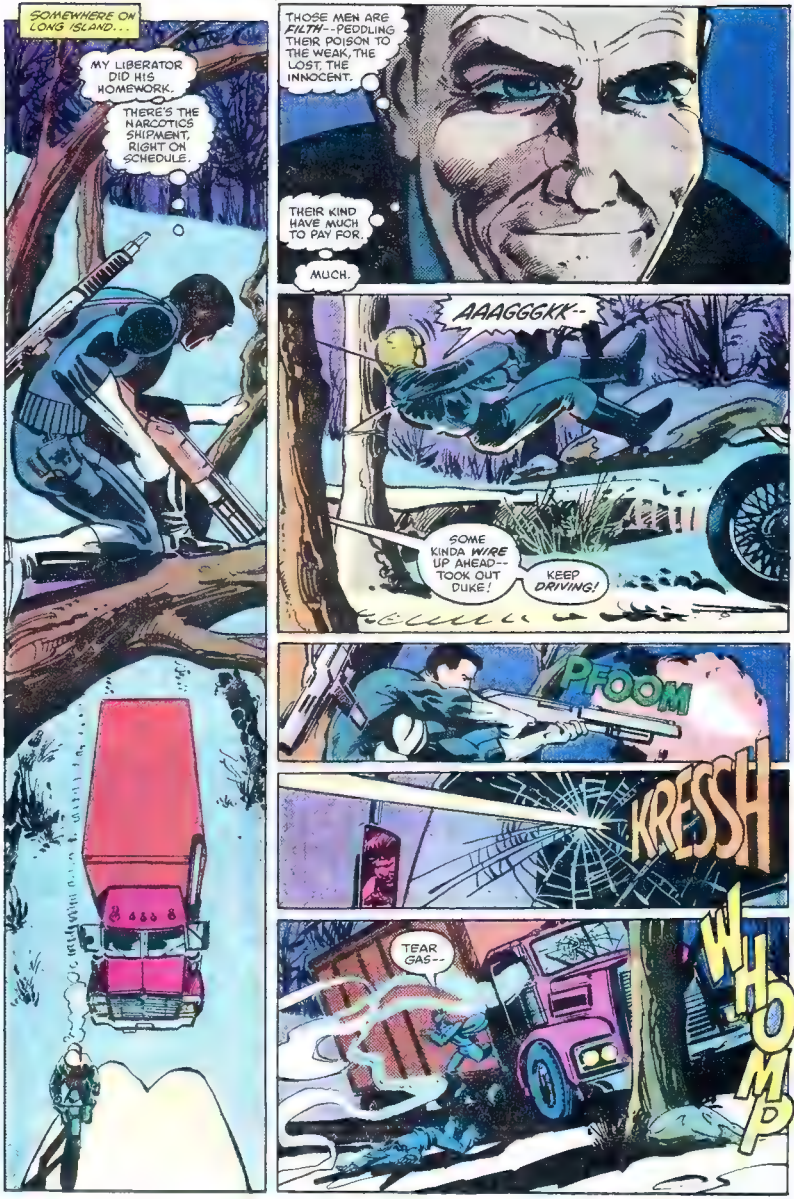
--AND A CHOPPER!
IT'S THE PUNISHER, GROTTO! HE'S BUSTIN' OUT!
THAT EXPLOSION MUSTA BEEN A COVER. JUST TA GET THE GUARDS LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY...
C'MON, GROTTO! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
TURK, I BEEN GIVIN' IT A LOT OF THOUGHT..
EVERY TIME I HOOK UP WITH YOU, I WIND UP GETTIN PUNCHED OUT.
I DON'T LIKE GETTIN' PUNCHED OUT. IT HURTS.
SO I'M STAYIN.
HEY! UP THERE!
HOW ABOUT PULLIN' THE LADDER UP, HUH?
I MEAN, WE'RE OVER THE RIVER ALREADY!
HEY-- PUNISHER! HOW YA DOIN'?
LISSEN -- I FIGGER WHOEVER SPRUNG YA GOT BRAINS, AND BUCKS.
NOW ALL YA NEED IS VISION.
VISION I GOT.
WHAT'TAYA SAY WE...
HEY! WHAT'RE YOU--
AW, NO...
SPLOOSH

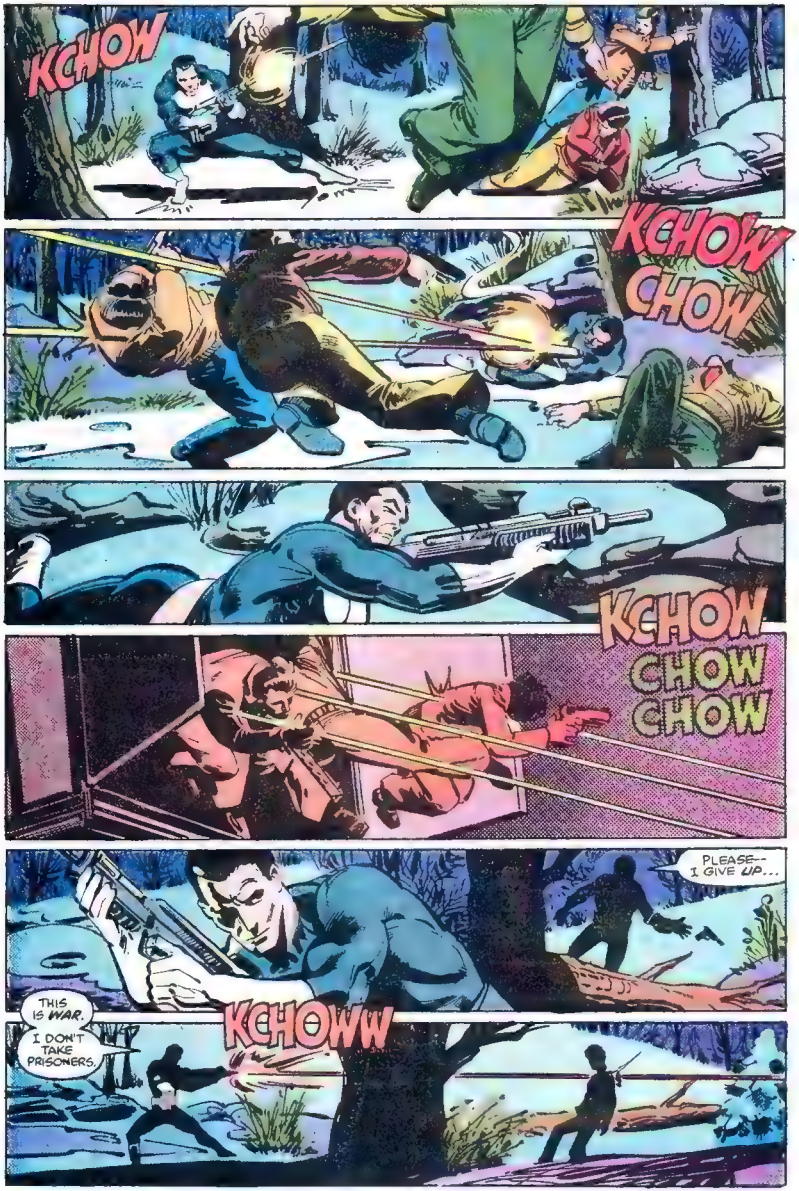
MEANWHILE...
KLUD
THWAKK
WHOK
KLGGG

FINISHED?
GOOD.
NOW THAT WE HAVE DISPENSED WITH THE FORMALITIES--
--PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT YOU WANT.
SHE SERVED YOU AS YOUR CHIEF ASSASSIN --HELPED YOU MAINTAIN YOUR CONTROL OVER THE MOBS.
AND NOW-- YOU'RE HELPING HER HIDE FROM ME.
HIS HEARTBEAT-- IT JUMPED JUST THEN. BUT IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S AFRAID--
--OR SIMPLY ASTONISHED?
DAREDEVIL... ARE YOU ILL?
I'M FINE. NOW, DO YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH--
--BEFORE, OR AFTER I BEAT YOU SENSELESS?
I WANT ELEKTRA, KINGPIN.
AH! NOW I UNDERSTAND. THIS IS SOME ELABORATE JOKE, IS IT NOT?
THE DAREDEVIL I KNOW WOULD NEVER RESORT TO UNPROVOKED VIOLENCE, SIMPLY TO TEST A THEORY.
WOULD HE?

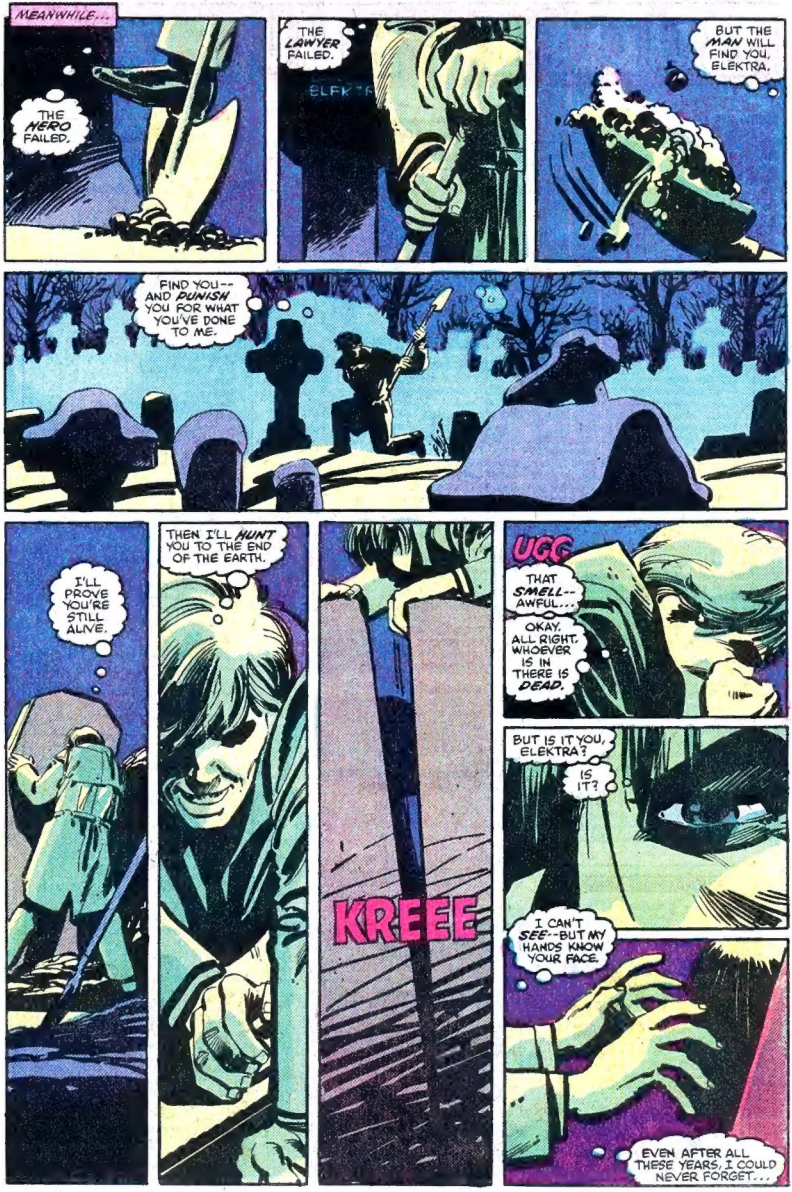
COME IN, GENTLEMEN. DAREDEVIL IS GONE.
DOES-- DOES HE KNOW?
HE KNOWS NOTHING. WE ARE FREE TO ACT.
THE NARCOTICS DELIVERY SHALL PROCEED AS SCHEDULED, WHILE THE ONE MAN I FEARED MIGHT PROVE AN OBSTACLE--
--IS OFF CHASING PHANTOMS.


RING RING
RING RING
RING RING
RING R
HELLO?
THIS IS HIS WIFE. WHO'S CALLING?
4:02
FOGGY. IT'S JUDGE COFFIN.
GO 'WAY.
DID YOU SAY JUDGE COFFIN?
YES, SIR. I MEAN, YOUR HONOR. WHAT CAN I--
PLEASE DON'T SHOUT, YOUR HONOR. I...
WHAT?
HE WHAT!?
THUMP
YES, YOUR HONOR. I... I MEAN NO, YOUR HONOR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND EITHER.
YES, YOUR HONOR. I'LL SPEAK TO HIM. I'M SORRY. I...
HELLO?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?
YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET.
IT'S MATT.
HE JUST GOT JUDGE COFFIN OUT OF BED AND TRIED TO MAKE HIM SIGN AN EXHUMATION ORDER. WANTS ELEKTRA DUG UP.
BUT-- THAT'S CRAZY.
THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME.
I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.


SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND...
MY LIBERATOR DID HIS HOMEWORK.
THERE'S THE NARCOTICS SHIPMENT, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.
THOSE MEN ARE FILTH--PEDDLING THEIR POISON TO THE WEAK, THE LOST, THE INNOCENT.
THEIR KIND HAVE MUCH TO PAY FOR.
MUCH.
AAAGGGKK--
SOME KINDA WIRE UP AHEAD--TOOK OUT DUKE!
KEEP DRIVING!
PFOOM
KRESSH
TEAR GAS--
WHOMP


KCHOW
KCHOW
CHOW
KCHOW
CHOW
CHOW
PLEASE-- I GIVE UP...
THIS IS WAR. I DON'T TAKE PRISONERS.
KCHOWW

UH... NICE WORK.
SOMETHING WRONG?
THE LAST ONE I SHOT...
A CHILD. JUST A CHILD.
YEAH. TOO BAD.
LOOK, PUNISHER, I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO SAY THIS--
--BUT THE DIRECTOR WOULD HAVE MY HEAD IF I LET YOU GET AWAY.
YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU
UUURH
THWOK
UNCONSCIOUS. GOOD.
I COULDN'T LET HIM TAKE ME BACK TO PRISON.
NOT NOW.
THE ENEMY ENLISTS CHILDREN.
THE WAR HAS GOTTEN DIRTIER.
I'M NEEDED MORE THAN EVER.


MEANWHILE...
THE HERO FAILED.
THE LAWYER FAILED.
ELEKTRA
BUT THE MAN WILL FIND YOU, ELEKTRA.
FIND YOU-- AND PUNISH YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME.
I'LL PROVE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
THEN I'LL HUNT YOU TO THE END OF THE EARTH.
KREEE
UGG.
THAT SMELL-- AWFUL...
OKAY. ALL RIGHT. WHOEVER IS IN THERE IS DEAD.
BUT IS IT YOU, ELEKTRA? IS IT?
I CAN'T SEE--BUT MY HANDS KNOW YOUR FACE.
EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I COULD NEVER FORGET...

NNOOOO
MATT--I'VE FOUND--
DEAD! SHE'S DEAD!
IT'S ELEKTRA AND SHE'S DEAD!
MATT... I'LL TAKE YOU HOME...
FOGGY... SHE'S DEAD...
I LOVED HER, FOGGY.
I LOVED HER.
NEXT ISSUE: CHILD'S PLAY

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Ladies and Gentlemen,

There seems little real point to writing, really. Mr. Miller seems fully aware of what he's doing, and proceeds with such deliberate pace, and is so dam good, that I don't know what the point of this is. Bald-faced appreciation, I guess.

This Kingpin-Elektra thing is turning into one of the most masterful gigantic story cycles I can remember ever reading in comics. It's going to be one heck of a climax.

The tension is becoming enormous. The tesion generated by the resistance of Elektra to all romantic preconceptions alone. "He wants to hold her, to kiss her, to caress her — to make every part of her soft and loving," while every one of us reading, soaked in Love Boat pre-cast cliches, wants to see that happen. Yet Mr. Miller carefully establishes Heather's in-spite-of-herself dependability, and Elektra's ruthlessness.

Much has been made of the book's "realism." I'd call it naturalism, or maybe critical realism, a la Frank Norris or even Stephen Crane. Whatever you call it, it sets a mood unparalleled in comics. It, again, flies in the face of expectation, right up to the killing of Ben Urich.

And there's the Kingpin, looking like a crime boss for half the country should look, rather than a cheap hood with some henchmen. I like that.

Heck, I like it all. It adds up to a rare example of comics exceeding themselves as a story form. I watch Mr. Miller put this exact web of character and story together and I rub my hands. I think of where it could all lead and I ... well, I think it's going to be the comics event for several years to come.

verde
RD#2 Box 23
Franklin, PA 16323

Speaking of the Devil,

To my mind, there have been five supporting characters in all of comics who have been something special: Blade and Hannibal King from TOMB OF DRACULA, James Lamer from MASTER OF KUNG-FU, Wolverine from X-MEN, and last, but definitely not least, Ben Urich from DAREDEVIL. Rest in peace, my friend, You will be avenged.

Frank, DD #179 moved me as no other comic ever has, or probably ever will. You have singlehandedly mastered this medium in less than three years. No small feat, but then, neither is DAREDEVIL. Out of all those classic series mentioned above, DD stands out as the best. The biggest compliment I can give you is that this comic is no longer called DAREDEVIL; it is called Frank Miller's DAREDEVIL. Reading over this letter, it sounds like that "God, you're great, you're the best" garbage, but I hope you realize that I'm being sincere, especially in stating that your DAREDEVIL is the best comic series I've ever had the privilege to read.

To end on an untraditional note, permit me to say that I have a feeling that DD#181 is going to blow my mind.

Stu Krull
28 Kettle Creek Road
Freehold, NJ 07728

Dear Frank,

I object to the death of Ben Urich.

Killing off a character who possesses the knowledge of DD's identity is as easy an out as killing Gwen Stacy was in SPIDER-MAN a few years ago, as turning the first Ben Urich story into a retelling of DD's origin was a few issues ago. Why must comic scripters always undercut great drama for the sake of overused, melodramatic plot twists?

Besides, I don't think it's wise to perpetuate the idea that any decent, ordinary man who opposes corruption is doomed. That kind of story is awfully good publicity for organized crime, discouraging public opprobrium at the individual root.

But, despite these criticisms, DD#179 is the finest issue you've turned out yet. The pacing was just right. The concomitant lack of verbiage (Thank God for the writer/artist!) let the pictures tell the story, which is what comics are all about. SPIKED! was a heart-stopping, gut-wrenching, action-packed tale that pulls us even deeper into the interlocking fortunes of the most interesting cast of characters in comicdom. The spirit of Lee and Ditko lives in this book.

The prowess of a super-hero is best gauged by putting him into the life of an "average man" and playing up the contrasts. But poor Ben Urich ... All of us overweight, middle-aged, poor-but-honest types will miss him. He was one of us.

Dan H. Eiler
no address given

By now, you know that Ben is, fortunately, still alive.

It's been heartening to read the avalanche of mail that has arrived, protesting Ben's apparent death — to find that the workaholic smokaholic typewriter jockey is as much a favorite of yours as he is of ours ...

Dear Folks,

Re: DAREDEVIL#179 — Wow!

Daredevil is and always has been one of my favorite comic book characters, but he's only one of the reasons I thought issue 179 was so terrific. The main reason I read this comic with rapture and tears was Ben Urich. I loved the narrative style of the writing and the moody darkness of the artwork. I loved the tiny special touches like Ben holding his cup in his teeth while gesturing to DD. I loved the tantalyzing glimpses into the future (Vanessa as a bag lady?). But, most of all, I loved Ben. I especially loved that neither Ben nor his wife were young, pretty or slim, and they obviously loved each other deeply *and* sensuously, anyway. That's something in an industry where everyone is portrayed as gorgeous.

I loathe Elektra for killing him. I grieve for Mrs. Urich, who lost a lover, and for Matt Murdock, who lost a friend. But I rejoice that this medium that I thought I knew so well can still surprise me by offering me a hero without a costume, an ordinary man who leaped from pulp paper and into my heart. Thank you.

Tamara James, DPSA
Bldg#11 NAVDAF
NETC Newport, RI 02840

Dear Marvel:

DAREDEVIL#179 represents yet another intricate , flawless facet in Miller's ongoing Kingpin/DD/Elektra opus.

Over the years, a lot of fuss has been made over the scope that Jack Kirby applies to his cosmic epics. In Jack's case, it's much deserved praise, but Frank has taken that same expansive approach a step further by applying it not to gods and galaxies, but to a sightless superhero, shadowed cityscapes, and the denizens thereof.

And because of Miller's coherent creative vision, the final product is just as grandiose. Like all of the other chapters in this incredible epic, SPIKED! serves as cross-sectional proof of the above.

Kevin C. McConnell
118 Main Avenue
Warren, PA 16365

Dear Frank,

You creep!!!

How could you just go and kill Ben Urich? I was just beginning to get really involved with the person and truly liked him! Of all the rotten things to do to a character!

I must say, other than that, the issue was flawless!

Mason King
5757 Broadway
Indpls, IND 46220

Elektra:

You killed Ben Urich. I hate your guts!

Wally Neville
426 Tusculum
Cincinnati, OH 45226

Dear Denny,

Aha! I told you so! Elektra *is* as bad as I said she was! *Now* do you believe me? Huh?

Is it necessary to kill a bystanding reporter for taking pictures? Is it necessary to kill an old lover for the sake of a buck?

Yeah, sure.

So when does she get machinegunned by a S.W.A.T. team? Or how about trapped in a bombed building? Maybe sat on by the Kingpin? Come on, Frank, let's have it!

Leon P. Zivkovic
224 East 26 St
Paterson, NJ 07514

NEXT ISSUE: DD battles the PUNISHER!